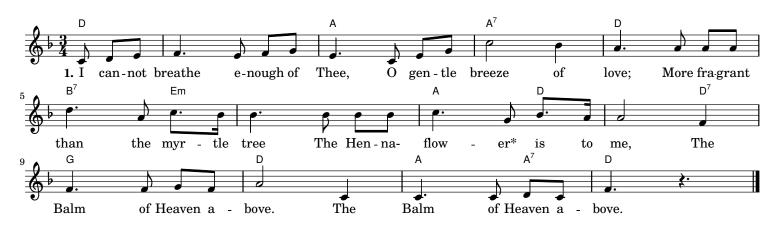
## I cannot breathe enough of Thee (revised)

Praise of the Lord — His Beauty

8142

(Guitar: Capo 3)



- 2. I cannot drink enough of Thee,
  O moist'ning morning Dew;
  Fresh, cooling, quenching, watering,
  Supplying, and enlivening—
  Oh, soak me through and through!
- 3. I cannot gaze enough on Thee, Thou Fairest of the Fair; My heart is filled with ecstasy, As in Thy face of radiancy I see such beauty there.
- 4. I cannot yield enough to Thee, My Savior, Master, Friend; I do not wish to go out free, But ever, always, willingly, To serve Thee to the end.
- 5. I cannot sing enough of Thee, The sweetest name on earth; A note so full of melody Comes from my heart so joyously, And fills my soul with mirth.
- 6. I cannot speak enough of Thee, I have so much to tell; Thy heart it beats so tenderly As Thou dost draw me close to Thee, And whisper, "All is well."

\* An Old World plant, prized for its fragrant yellow and white flowers. (Song of Sol. 1:14, A.S.V.)